

MAKING MEN OF MOROS IN MOHAMMEDAN MINDANAO

Uncle Sam Succeeding in Building Up Race in Zamboanga Province by Use of American Ideals

THE white transport nosed her way between the purple-blue bulk of Basilan Island and the green and gold shoreline of Mindanao, cleaving underfoot clear blue water shot with patches of light green here and there, and beneath this could be glimpsed vast marine gardens of coral. Some distance away over the horizon low we saw the aerial of a wireless station. A little further on a gracefully poised lighthouse, and then, like a glistening amethyst set in a setting of a bronze, the far famed city of Zamboanga. About the center of the waterfront projected a simple wooden jetty, an American gunboat, a couple of British tramp steamers, a Spanish interisland trader of ante-bellum build, and a score or more of proas, light schooners and lorchas composed the shipping. As our cable rattled through the hawseyes, and the anchor clipped the head of the roadstead, a merry young voice hailed me: "Paisano! You give me nickel, I give!"

I looked over the side of the ship and saw a slim, chocolate brown Malay boy sitting upon the thwart of a very diminutive proa. He was dark naked save for the cotton loin cloth, with the loose end of which he lashed his cheek. Showing a perfect set of white ivories, he grinned at me mischievously as he repeated: "Paisano! You give me nickel, I give!"

I threw him a nickel, and the next moment the water alongside our steamer was simply alive with young Moros—some little more than infants—boys and girls clamoring for nickels, expressing with teasing, flirtatious eyes and babbling tongues their desire to see far nickels.

Meanwhile my little man had reappeared on the surface carrying in his teeth the nickel which had descended several fathoms through the water, oblivious of the sharks, which were known to be prevalent. Rubbing his hair out of his eyes, and wiping his face with his loin cloth, he hid up the nickel, secreted it in some mysterious receptacle, and again pressed his request.

When I got tired of casting nickels into the water I hailed the little fellow to come aboard, and up he came like a wriggling eel, bobbing his little fleshy black head, and leaving limpid pools to mark his progress along the deck.

And up behind him came his sister, her hair, timid, but inquisitive. I spoke to him in Spanish, asking him his name and if he went to school. "Oh, me spik 'Merican," he replied proudly.

"Oh, yes, me go school. Spik, write 'Merican. School over that side." He pointed beyond the business section of the city. While we were talking some Moro chiefs and a Hadji or two came aboard to see the commanding officer.

That was my first introduction to Zamboanga, and to Mindanao—ten years and more ago. My little diving friend, totting his sister by his side, introduced me to the pioneer American school, and I saw there about four-score children of various ages learning the rudiments of our language and our arts. Even then some progress had been made, though Zamboanga was still very much the town it had been when Spanish rule in Mindanao was little better than a polite,

tropical tour of service, picking up useful information, possible or probable pioneers of the Mindanao now in the making.

They have removed the military atmosphere from picturesque Zamboanga. They tell me now that there is but one company of constabulary in all this extensive and once turbulent province. Yet, during the recent excitement as a result of "Viper" Artemio Ricarte's effort to create trouble in Luzon (many miles north of us) there was not a ripple on the surface of our peace in Mindanao.

Americans are making men of Moros in this Mohammedan stronghold, which, all through Spain's occupation of the Philippines, resisted persistently attempts at civilization and Christianization. Civil government, according to the American plan, has been in force here for a year. Public order seems to be excellent. That this is so is a remarkable tribute to American capacity for race building. One sees on all sides primary industrial schools, dispensary stations, hospitals and depots of the public health department, where Christians and Mohammedans and pagans are working together smoothly to improve conditions under American supervision. A Christian Filipino is governor of Zamboanga province, an American is secretary-treasurer, and a Mohammedan Filipino is the third member of the provincial board. The man chosen as the representative of the Moros is Hadji Abdullah Nuno of Talusanay, a man of considerable importance, who, so far as I can see, is really sincere in his adoption of American ideals. Certainly he has been a big help in putting into operation the American improvements already in evidence. Notwithstanding the effects of the war, which has tied up shipping and restricted exports of all Philippine products, there is quite a new air of bustle and of industry in Zamboanga. It is now teeming with merchants and traders from all parts of the east and west, and it has every shipping and warehouse accessory to facilitate this trade. Its position on the map promises to make it one of the most flourishing among the great ports of the Orient of to-morrow.

Mindanao has passed through several stages in its process toward Occidentalization—as far as the Orient can ever be Occidentalized. It continues to possess its own strange, weird beauty of highland and valley. Also it is still possible to hire a Jirricksha in Zamboanga. But good roads are becoming plentiful. The country is being opened up. The hemp plantations along the shores of Davao are increasing year by year, and the enthusiasm and courage of the planters continue increasing. Already it is the center of the hemp production, wresting priority from the planters of northern Albay.

Practically one-third of the entire Philippine Islands is contained within the department of Mindanao and Sulu—36,540 square miles of archipelago, most of it on the great island which lies south of the Visayan group. Yet the entire population is computed at 626,000 Moros, Christian Filipinos, pagan aborigines, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Hindus, Europeans and Americans. Of all the Philippines one comes closest to nature in Mindanao.



Moro children are at home in the water from babyhood.

cal opponents with the kris—long, heavy, sharp, ugly, serpentine bladed swords. They held crude notions of Islamism, but their local gods dominated their primitive minds. Brave unto death, they showed at Bud Dajo and elsewhere no lack of physical stamina.

Came Bates and Davis and Wood and Bliss and Pershing, and slowly, grudgingly, they yielded to the American that which they ever denied the Spaniard, respect. Following respect came trust. And the Americans in due season decided to reciprocate. The Moro is now being trusted to jump in and help shape the course of government. Governor-General Harrison selected as the first civil governor of the department an American who has been in the islands since Manila was surrendered by the Spaniards, a quiet, patient man with a natural born disposition toward di-

cal opponents with the kris—long, heavy, sharp, ugly, serpentine bladed swords. They held crude notions of Islamism, but their local gods dominated their primitive minds. Brave unto death, they showed at Bud Dajo and elsewhere no lack of physical stamina.

The plan is to associate Mohammedans and Christians with Americans in the government. Thus it is hoped to find a means of harmonizing interest, eliminating prejudices, racial or religious, and providing a stable basis for the growth of popular government. Gradually under the new law the exercise of political rights is to be extended to the mixed population of the department. First, municipalities, which correspond to American townships, are to be permitted to elect their councilors—their presidents are still appointive—under a restricted suffrage based upon educational and property qualifications. Next, when the Government decides that the time is propitious, these municipal councilors will elect the third member of the provincial board. Eventually, at the end of several years, the people themselves will elect the provincial governor and third member of the board as well as the municipal president.

In Zamboanga province, amid a great concourse of people, Christians and Mohammedans, I saw the new provincial board inaugurated—a Christian Filipino governor, an American secretary-treasurer and a Mohammedan third member. In his inaugural address the new governor declared for complete religious toleration and pledged himself to bend his energies toward the development of the Mohammedan population, advocating the establishment of schools, dispensaries, hospitals and productive industries. The Mohammedan in his turn—a white turbaned Hadji who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca—declared that "He who thinks it is impossible for the Mussulman and the Filipino to live together in peace and participate together in the government is foolish and lacks wisdom." The festivities of inauguration passed off without a hitch and nothing has yet occurred to prove that the Hadji was wrong in his assertion. Recently, indeed, in the mosque of Zamboanga prominent Christian officials attended the services celebrating the Muslim feast of Ramadan, which marks the end of the month of fasting. In turn, a few days later, prominent Mohammedans attended in the Catholic Cathedral the funeral services held in honor of the late Pope Pius X.

But training in the exercise of political rights is but one of the activities of the Government here. The department of Mindanao and Sulu is a land of wonderful natural resources. It has but seventeen inhabitants to the square mile but could support thirty times that number. The island of Java, the physical conditions of which are similar to those of the department, has five hundred and ninety inhabitants to the square mile and has by no means reached its limit.

The first resource of the department to be fully exploited will doubtless be its magnificent forests consisting of a stand of more than one hundred and twelve billion board feet, many of the varieties being rare and of great value. Sawed and delivered in the United States this stand of timber would retail for ten billions of dollars. The government is rapidly surveying and mapping these forests for the convenience of sawmills and in order to provide more adequately for their conservation.

But agriculture is and must remain the chief source of wealth. Manila hemp, so valuable for cordage and binder twine; coconuts, from the

white meat of which countless oils, butters and soaps are made; rice, the bread of the Orient; coffee, sugar cane, rubber, sisal, oranges, lemons, bananas, mangoes and a hundred other tropical fruits and products grow to profusion in Mindanao and Sulu. The land suitable for the agricultural products is there, the climatic conditions are ideal, lacking only are the farmers who with plough and hoe may harvest a greater wealth

Christians and Pagans Work Together in Schools and Hospitals Furthering the Cause of Civilization

of gold than was ever garnered by the pirates of bygone centuries who made their raids from these selfsame islands.

Many of the pagan and Mohammedan dwellers in the department are semi-nomadic. The government of Mindanao and Sulu considers that one of the most essential bases of progress is the ownership of land. The freeholder is a strong supporter of peace and law, learns the advantage of community life, attains to individual independence and is accessible to the civilizing influences which the Government begins to bear. Great efforts are being made to provide every family in the department with a homestead or with a farm registered under the Torrens system. Surveyors are constantly at work on the public lands suitable for agricultural purposes, and already about 1,000 families have been located upon surveyed homesteads. Under appropriate Government supervision small loans for work animals and implements are being provided. When the natives have been located immigration is invited from the more thickly populated provinces of the north. There is no reason why nearly Cebu, crowded with 370 persons to the square mile, should not send some of its people to Mindanao with its seventeen to the square mile.

The waveworn coral cliffs and sea shells encountered by the traveller over the foothills of Mindanao betoken a rising land. At a time geologically recent these foothills were beneath the surface of the sea, the habitat of the wonder working coral polyp. Slowly the polyps built up their rocky shelter to the surface of the water, died and left masses of

coral rock to rise with the tilting coast and become successively cliff and mountain. The process still continues. The rising bed of the ocean when in not less than 120 feet of water is covered with sea gardens of coral growths beautiful indeed beyond compare, but chiefly valuable as forming an ideal feeding ground for thousands of species of the finny tribe. They are veritable aquariums. The visitor from the temperate zone who is fortunate enough to gaze into the depths of a coral reef at low tide obtains a kaleidoscopic vision of marine life which amazes him by its very exuberance.

The fisheries of Mindanao and Sulu are of marvellous possibilities. The waters teem with food fish ranging from the great sea bass, weighing a thousand pounds, through a host of mackerels, pompanos, tunnies, snappers and mullets to the little anchovies and sardines; with beche de mer or sea slugs; with sponges, sheepswool and some of the most valued varieties in abundance; with sea tortoises, furnishing the most beautiful and valuable kinds of tortoise shell; with a great range of shells in demand for the manufacture of buttons and similar objects; with valuable coral growths, and last but not least with the marine mollusca, which produce mother-of-pearl and the pearls themselves.

Excepting the pearl fisheries, the marine resources are almost entirely undeveloped and prices obtained are low owing to poor selection of varieties, careless curing and improper packing. During the past year a Gov-

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Mendel Beilis, Victim of the Russian Abuse, Now Happy

NOT entirely forgotten is the history of Mendel Beilis, the Russian Jew whose persecution by the Russian Government some time ago aroused the entire world and brought forth a storm of indignation which resulted in protests from almost every civilized land. Following the hearing of much false testimony, palpably and ostensibly manufactured with the cooperation of the anti-Semitic wing of the Russian Government, Beilis was accused of the murder of Andrew Yushchinski, a young Russian boy. This was in August, 1911, three months after the deed had been committed, and the preposterous motive attributed to Beilis was the desire for the blood of a young Christian for ritual purposes. Subsequent testimony brought to light the fact that the murder was

committed by a band of criminals and that the authorities were familiar with this fact but were glad of the opportunity to fasten the guilt upon a Jew in order to foment prejudice. The indictment against Beilis was quashed in July, 1912, but he was reindicted in May, 1913, in the face of further convincing proof of his innocence, which the Government chose to ignore. Finally Beilis was brought to trial after two years in prison, ten months in solitary confinement, during which he suffered unmerciful torture in the efforts to compel him to confess a crime he had not committed. How his innocence was clearly proved at the trial, and how even then the persecution continued until the whole world arose in protest, is well known. Beilis was finally liberated and dropped from sight.

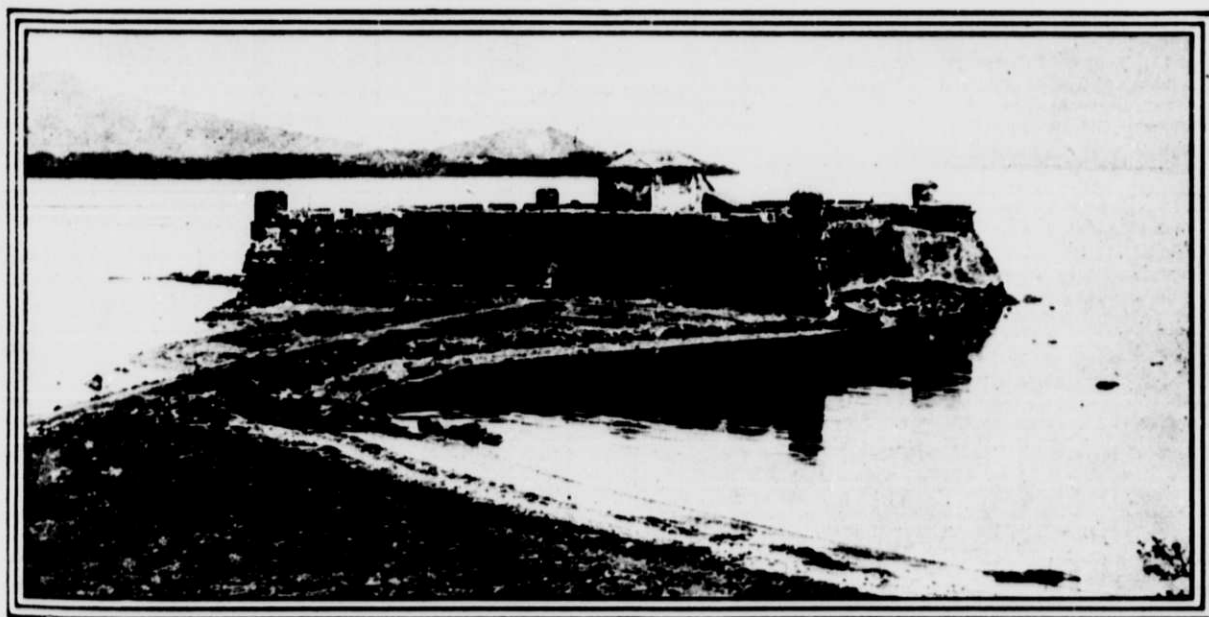
An interesting sequel to the story is told by E. M. Newman, the traveler and lecturer, whose annual engagement had at the New Amsterdam Theatre and Carnegie Hall March 1 and 7 respectively. Mr. Newman was in the Holy Land last summer and unexpectedly met Beilis, who was living at Tel Aviv, one of the Jewish colonies near Jaffa. According to Mr. Newman, Beilis was comfortably well off, had a delightful little home and seemed to be content and happy. Pictures showing the home, Beilis and his daughter and the little settlement were taken by Mr. Newman and will be shown in his travel-talk "The Holy Land."

"I asked him," says Mr. Newman, "how he liked Palestine, and he replied that he had never been so happy and that he was delighted beyond expression to be away from Russia. To my question as to why he had not accepted the fabulous offers made him by American managers to appear on the American vaudeville stage he said that he would not even think of parading the indignities heaped upon himself and his people for money. He seemed to be rather broken in health, due entirely to the terrible ordeal he withstood, but his eyes glowed with enthusiasm when he spoke of the opportunities held out to other unfortunate Russians in the Holy Land."

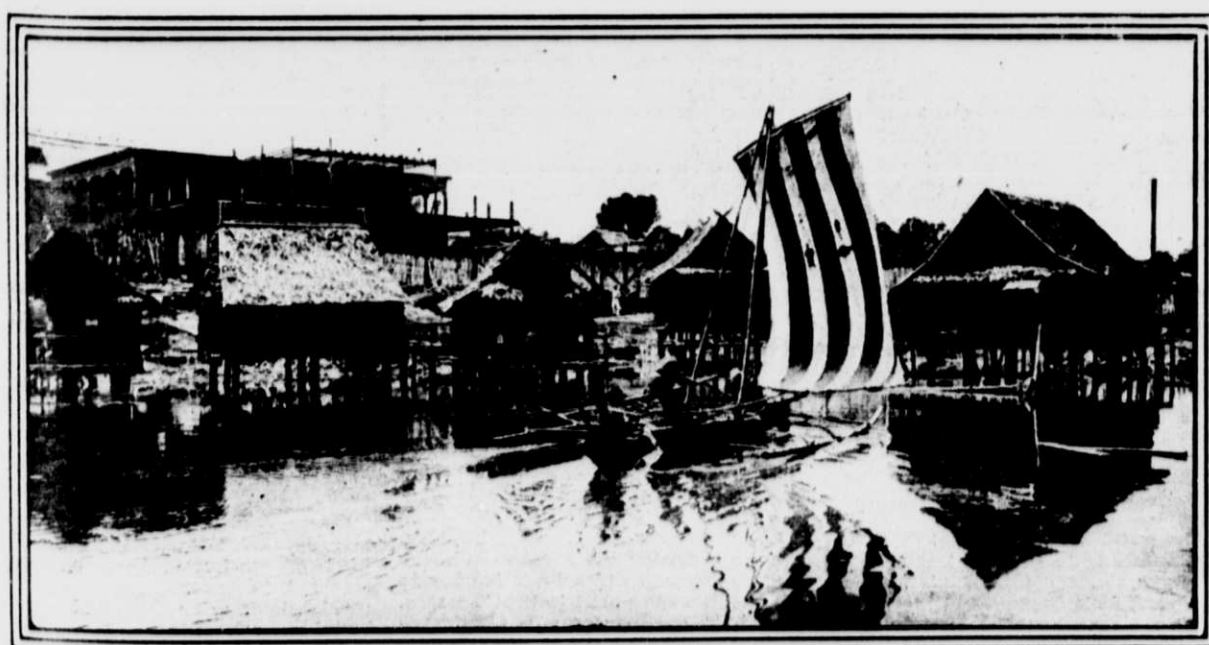
But Mr. Newman's meeting with Beilis occurred last June. Since then dire fate has overtaken the inhabitants of Palestine. Because of the war there is said to be much suffering, even starvation, and Beilis too may be among those affected. A recent story is to the effect that Beilis fled Palestine with some of his coreligionists and he is now in Egypt, and that despite the treatment he had received at the hands of that country he refused to give up his Russian citizenship at the behest of the Ottoman Government.



Tel Aviv, Jewish colony near Jaffa, where Mendel Beilis lives. Above—Mendel Beilis and his daughter.



An old Moro fort in Mindanao.



Houses on stilts, showing Moros' idea of sanitation.

politic fiction. A few warehouses along the waterfront, a store or two, a spacious or two, an apology for a hotel, cobble paved streets made gratefully cool by tropical trees, and the Venetian canals crossed by occasional bridges, the inevitable Spanish plaza and church with its suggestion of Moorish Granada in tower and facade and approached by a well kept, palm lined avenue to the frowning Spanish built fort of Santa Pilar. This fort was then the headquarters of the American troops in Mindanao. Our soldiers were everywhere in evidence, neat khaki clad lads enjoying their

Also one realizes here best of all what American occupation is going to mean for the islands and the islanders. As in the Igorrote happy hunting grounds of Bontoc, Borneo and Scotland, "potted head" was much favored by the Moro hill chiefs. But instead of the sheep's head of the Grampians the Moro's "pottling" was done with man's head. Substance and social position were calculated in accordance with the number of "pots." They had other customs scarcely less innocent, and they excelled in throwing the spear, expelling darts through the blowpipe and carving their politi-

plomacy and management who rose by sheer merit to be insular executive secretary and who has been at the right hand of every administration since his talents were discovered and appreciated by Taft. He is always referred to here as "our Governor." For he is that rare avian in public life, "an anonymous man." He avoids the limelight and insists upon regarding public service in an impersonal manner. Possibly that is the secret of his popularity and his success.

The change in the government had been preceded by the withdrawal from the department of all American troops